

ir.

What! canst thou not forbear me half
 an hour ?
 Then get thee gone; and dig my grave
 thyself;
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine
 ear.
 That thou art crowned, not that I am
 dead.
 Let all the tears that should bedew my
 hearse.
 Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head :
 Only compound me with forgotten dust:
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the
 worms.
 Pluck down my officers, break my
 decrees;
 For now a time is come to mock at
 form.
 Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity !
 Down, roval state I all you sage
 counsellors, hence!
 And to the English court assemble now,
 From every region, apes of idleness !
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of
 your scum:
 Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink,
 dance,
 Revel the night; rob, murder, and
 commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of
 ways ?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
 England shall double gild his treble
 guilt⁶;

The reader will find many more instances in the
 soliloquy of
 King Henry VI. Part III. Act II. Sc. V. The other
 editors [except
 Mr. Malone] have followed Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

⁶ England shall double GILD his treble GUILT :
 Evidently the
 nonsense of some foolish player: for we must make a
 difference
 between what Shakspeare might be supposed to
 have written off
 hand, and what he had corrected. These scenes are
 of the latter
 kind : therefore such lines are by no means to be
 esteemed his.
 But, except Mr. Pope, (who judiciously threw out
 this line,) not
 one of Shakspeare's editors seem ever to have had
 so reasonable
 and necessary a rule in their heads, when they set
 upon correcting
 this author. WARBUCKTOKT.

I know not why this commentator should speak
 with so much
 confidence what he cannot know, or determine so
 positively what
 so capricious a writer as our poet might either
 deliberately or want
 to produce. This line is, indeed, such as
 disgraces a few that

precede and follow it, but it suits well enough with
the *daggers*
hid in thought, and *whetted on thy stony heart,*
and the answer
which the Prince makes, and which is applauded
[by the King]
for wisdom, is not of a strain much higher than this
ejected line.

JOHN & SON.